

THE BEACON

PACIFIC L... SCHOOL
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FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 1915

NUMBER 15

The Pine on the Hill.

I KNOW a pine on a high, high hill,
A pine that's all alone;
You can hear him sing when the night is still,
In a low and happy tone.

I've wondered why he stood up there,
His arms outspread around,
With never a friendly tree near by
To speak with a friendly sound.

But when I saw a flock of birds,
From far off northward, fly
To rest upon his steady arms,
I knew the reason why.

He keeps a sort of inn for birds,
So they need not delay
To seek the valley, but go on
Upon their far sky way.

Now, when I see him standing there,
I know he's glad to be
Just what he is—upon the hill
A single, tall pine tree!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH,
in Kindergarten Review.

How Vangie got Even.

BY EMILIE HENDERSON.

THE neighbors said that Tom and Vangie were just running wild since their mother went away in search of health. And some of them added that it was too bad that so lovable a girl as Vangie should grow into a regular tom-boy, and that she needed a mother's care.

And the neighbors were right. Aunt Esther was a little dull of both sight and hearing, and perhaps, too, not as keen in her understanding of child nature as one left in charge of the Brockton children should have been.

But Tom and Vangie didn't hear what their neighbors were saying. On this particular evening they were racing across the lawn, throwing sticks at each other and shouting merrily. The sharpness of autumn was in the air, with just that hint of winter joys that sets the young blood dancing; and an occasional gust of wind ruffled Vangie's black locks and added to the merriment. Finally, however, Tom settled down to raking the big lawn, and Vangie to picking up the twigs and sticks with which last night's wind storm had littered the premises.

"It will make the jolliest bonfire!" commented Tom. "I wish there was a crowd of us, and we'd have an Indian dance around it." Then, breaking off suddenly, "Who's she?" he inquired.

A little woman had come out of the cottage next door and was picking some sticks from the carefully kept grass-plot in front of the house.

"It's the new neighbor, Mrs. Graydon," answered Vangie. "She moved in this week while we were in the country. Isn't her yard smooth and pretty?"



By Flora Lewis Marble.

PETER PAN IN THE PINE ON THE HILL.

The new neighbor picked some flowers and went into the house. Tom and Vangie worked energetically, and soon had material for a big bonfire piled up outside the yard. Tom lighted it, and the flames sprang up gaily.

"O Tom," cried Vangie, "let's go get some Indians!"

"All right!" responded Tom.

Down the road they raced in search of Red Men; but Jack and Gaylord were away, and the Doty children not to be found; so they hurried back to enjoy their fun alone. A wind had arisen, and Vangie's elfish locks were flying more wildly than ever, as they sped along the road.

"Look at that!" she exclaimed. They had turned the corner and could see Mrs.

Graydon leaning over the bonfire and beating out the flames with vigor. Then, having extinguished the last spark, she hurried back to the house.

"The mean old thing!" Vangie burst out. "What business is it of hers, I'd like to know!"

"I bet she could be arrested for that!" declared Tom. "And maybe she will be, too," he hinted darkly.

"Well, you see if I don't get even with her!" announced the wrathful Vangie.

"I s'pose it really is on her side." Tom was eying the lawn as he spoke. It was clear to both that if there had been a fence between the two houses, the bonfire would have been on the wrong side of it. "And," added Tom in a relenting tone, "I s'pose she got scared about her house when that little wind came up."

"It isn't her house, anyway, nor the furniture either," answered Vangie. "I heard Aunt Esther say that she rented it furnished. So what right has she got to meddle?" They had reached the brush-heap, and Vangie was industriously raking it to their own side of the lawn as she spoke. "We'll get it far enough away this time," she declared. "And just you see, Tommy Brockton, if I don't get even with her!"

For some reason, however, all the flavor had gone out of the fun. Thoughts of revenge and a good time refused to mix socially. The children sat scowling at the flames until Vangie suddenly proposed, "Tomorrow, Tom, let's walk on stilts all over her yard and through the flower-beds."

Tom agreed to the plan, and the next morning, two figures, mounted on stilts, crossed the lawn and appeared on Mrs. Graydon's little grass-plot, Vangie, as usual, in the lead. She set her feet down as viciously as one hampered by stilts could. Back and forth the two went across the flower-bordered walk and finally loomed up in front of the window. Then, glancing down, they looked with surprise into the eager, wistful eyes of a small boy. He was in a big chair, and Mrs. Graydon was propping him up that he might see better. Vangie almost lost her balance in her surprise. "Did you see him, Tom?" she inquired.

And just then the door opened. "Benny's having a good time watching you," said Mrs. Graydon, with a smile. "Won't you come in and see him before you go home?" There was not a hint of anything but kindness in her voice. Vangie's stilts became suddenly unmanageable. "Why, yes," was her answer, supplemented by a brusque "Thank you" from Tom.

A few moments later, Mrs. Graydon led her callers into her little sitting-room. "You are Tom and Vangie Brockton, I think," she said pleasantly, "and this is my grandson, Benny Graydon."

The little fellow propped in the big chair began telling Tom at once about some stilts he had once had. Vangie felt a great throb of pity as her eyes fell upon a small pair of crutches in the corner of the room. "Do you have to walk on them?" she asked.

"Not yet, dear," answered Mrs. Graydon, quickly. "He likes to have them here to remind him that before very long, we hope, he may get out on them. It's pretty lonesome staying in the house so closely."

Likes to think of walking on crutches! Not to be able to run and play as she and Tom did! Vangie's warm heart was brimming with sympathy. "Couldn't he go out in a wheeled chair?" she inquired.

"Why, yes, if—"

Vangie didn't wait for the sentence to be finished. "We'll bring mother's chair over and take him out in it," she promised. "Mother is away in the mountains. She'd be glad to have him use it."

"Why, that would be fine!" answered Mrs. Graydon, while Benny's eyes shone with pleasure.

"And I've got a game you can play alone, when you get tired reading," Tom put in.

And then the doctor came, and Tom and Vangie rose to go. Mrs. Graydon followed them to the porch.

"How did he get hurt?" Tom put the question that he had delicately refrained from asking before.

"It was in a fire," answered Mrs. Graydon. "Our house burned in the night. The lower floor and the stairway were on fire before any one knew it. It was a terrible time!" Her voice shook, and she paused for a moment. "When they got me out," she went on after a moment, "Benny was still on the top floor. I tried to go to him, but they held me back; and then they brought him to me, crippled, perhaps for life, but alive, thank God!"

Vangie was searching wildly for her handkerchief, and Tom declared in an unsteady voice, "I'll come every day and try to keep him from getting lonesome."

"It is all so fresh in my mind that I haven't yet got over a wild fear of fire," Mrs. Graydon went on. "I wanted to explain to you about the bonfire last night, but couldn't leave Benny alone any longer. The wind was blowing sparks this way, and if the house had caught fire, Benny couldn't have helped himself as he did before." She paused again for a moment, then added cheerfully, "I'm glad you came over. To-morrow's Benny's birthday. He'll have something to think about now, so it won't be so sad a birthday as I feared it might."

As Tom and Vangie crossed the lawn on their way home, they were very silent. At the porch steps, Vangie flung her stilts down as emphatically as if all her former anger were directed toward them. Then she rushed into the house and up the stairs. Tom sat down on the steps to wait for her. He was used to his sister's ways and probably suspected that she was up in her room having a good cry.

After a while she appeared again, her eyes suspiciously red. "Tom Brockton, we are too mean to live!" she declared, dropping down on the step beside him.

Tom looked as if he fully agreed with this statement.

"And to-morrow, Tom, we're going to have a picnic dinner on the lawn—a birthday party for Benny."

"But we were going nutting to-morrow."

"The nuts will keep till some other time, but Benny's birthday won't. We'll have the things for dinner that we were going to take to the woods, and I'll get Aunt Esther to bake a little birthday cake in the morning. We'll bring Benny over in the wheeled chair. Then you give him the game for a birthday present, and I'll give him that book about the boy who was lame and got well."

"That book was a birthday present to you," reminded Tom.

"Well, it's going to be a birthday present again," replied generous Vangie. "We're going to make Benny's birthday so happy that he will forget there ever was such a thing as a fire. I've thought of such a lot of things to do. I'm going to ask Mrs. Graydon to come over and sit on the porch with Aunt

Esther, so she can see the picnic. She knew we came over to spoil the yard and the flowers, Tom, and she never said a word. She was just splendid! And, Tom Brockton, I'm going to do my very best to get even with her."

And the next evening, after the happiest little fellow in town had been wheeled home with his birthday presents in his arms, Tom said, "Well, Van, if you haven't got even, you've at least made a mighty good beginning."

When Grandma Goes Away.

IT'S awful lonesome in this house when grandma goes away.

She's gone to old Aunt Betsy's. Gee! I hope she doesn't stay.

If she'd only be here Sundays, I could stand it through the week;

My dad has gone to take a nap, and I can't move or speak.

I'm tired to death of reading, and, of course, I cannot play—

Oh! Sunday's long and lonesome when my grandma's gone away.

If she was here, she'd read to me and tell me stories, too,

And then we'd crack some hick'ry nuts, and when that fun was through

Maybe we'd take a little walk—'course Tige would have to go—

I tell you what, he misses her! I'd really like to know

If when he whines and looks at me, he doesn't try to say

"It's awful lonesome in this house when grandma's gone away!"

Yesterday my football smashed our largest window pane;

Then, of course, it had to go and rain and rain and rain!

And did I get a call down? Say! It was pretty bad.

Dad forgets when I do things that he was once a lad.

Grandma often tells me things that happened in his day—

Oh! Nothing seems to go quite right when grandma's gone away.

'Course now my ball is busted! Who'll mend it I can't see,

For mother's always busy, going out to clubs or tea;

And Mary in the kitchen is cross, I'm lying low—

It's awful hard to be a boy and not know how to sew

When your fav'rite ball needs mending! Well! I certainly must say

This house is not a pleasant place when grandma's gone away!

National Magazine.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* tells this incident: Little Mary's mother was writing a letter to her sister one day, and Mary, who did everything her mother did, was writing also. As she began she looked up and asked:

"Mother, how do you spell 'Aunt'—the kind that ain't a bug?"

"Did you know that they can make shoes out of all kinds of skins?" "How about banana skins?" "They make slippers out of them."

The Gingerbread Island.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

In Six Chapters. Chapter First.

LORA scooped a handful of snow out of the top of her shoe and stood still to look doubtfully at the house on the road ahead of them.

"I guess Mother didn't know what kind of a place it was when she let us come, but, anyway, we've only got to stay one night."

"It looks like a first-rate place to me," retorted Hal. "Who's afraid of a little snow!"

"I didn't say I was afraid, Hal Foster. But it does look kind of wild. There's a crow this minute, and two gulls. I hope Nat has got supper ready, and won't I be glad to see that funny little Betty!"

Nat and Betty were standing at the door of the house as their cousins came floundering up the snowy road. They were nearly as strange to the place as Hal and Lora, but they had been here since morning and had been trying their hand at housekeeping. There was a good fire in the kitchen stove, and Betty immediately climbed on a chair to dish some savory stew out of a great kettle.

"I feel pretty big to be left in charge of Cousin Fred's house for two days," observed Nat, a twinkling-eyed lad of fifteen. "No, I never was here before any more than you, but Fred often comes to see us, and when he found he'd got to go off all of a sudden to Ball's Harbor, he wrote to know if I couldn't come up and stay all night, so as to look out for the cows and hens. And Mother said Betty might come with me if I could get you two for company. Let's have supper and then I'll show you over the place."

The place proved to be more interesting than they had thought at first. The house, though not very far from neighbors, was rather solitary because it stood at the end of a small peninsula running out into the waters of the big river. Cousin Fred kept a fleet of small boats and did a good business in summer carrying parties down to the bay below or up among the islands. In winter he had his hens and two cows and worked at boat-building when his help was needed. It was to oversee the construction of a big motor-boat that he had gone to Ball's Harbor.

"The place looks lonesome from the land side," Nat said; "but you come and look out of this window."

It was growing dark, but there was light enough to see what looked to the visitors a surprisingly gay scene. For the big river, which was a water highway in summer, was an ice highway in winter. A road as broad and smooth as a boulevard ran down the surface of the river close to their shore, and over near the other shore another road exactly like it had been marked out. On both roads gay parties of sleigh-riders, big freight teams, and loads of lumber were passing up and down. The dusk was musical with voices and the jingling of bells.

"What fun it will be to watch them tomorrow!" exclaimed Lora. "Why, I'm almost sorry that we're only going to stay one night."

"Maybe Cousin Fred won't feel obliged to send us home the minute he gets here,"

suggested Nat. "He's always asking me to visit him, but somehow I never got around to it before. Now I've got to go and milk, and you city folks can come and look on, unless you're afraid of the cows, like summer boarders in stories you read."

Hal and Lora indignantly denied that they were afraid of anything on a farm, and with Betty on a box between them in the warm tie-up they settled down to watch Nat milk. He had just set the two foaming pails in a safe place before starting to "feed up" when Hal, who was peering out of a small window behind the cows, said in a low voice:

"Look here, are these the hen-houses right here next to the barn? Because there's some sort of an animal prowling around there. I've seen him three or four times."

Nat came to look and stood for some minutes with his nose close to the glass.

"It's a fox!" he whispered at last. "Fred says they're sneaking around all the time this winter, and they get as tame as cats because he doesn't keep a dog nor a gun. I expect that old rascal has found a place to get into the hen-houses, and that's where Fred's pullets go—down his throat! You stay right here and don't make a sound till I come."

He slipped out of the door, which luckily was unlatched, so that he could open it without noise. The three pairs of eyes at the window saw him creeping towards the hen-houses, inch by inch, in the shadows. The door of the nearest house was shut, but evidently Nat had found an opening in the wall down near the ground. He stooped and examined it, and then softly pushed some large object against it.

"I believe I've got that fellow," he said, coming back in much excitement. "He certainly went into that hole where the boards are broken away, and there's no place he can get out, as I see. The windows are all screened with wire as big as your little finger, and I pushed a box of oyster shells against the place where he got in."

"Are you going to shoot him?" asked Hal.

"Don't want to, even if I had a gun. Wouldn't it be great to have a live fox! There's an old fox-hunter named Seed that lives right here somewhere. Wish I knew where. He'd know how to get that chap alive. I don't want to open the door for fear of losing him. He'd be out like a streak."

"What we need is advice," admitted Hal. "I never had any experience catching a fox with my fingers in the dark."

"Won't he eat up all the pullets while we stand and talk?" demanded Lora. "And if we had to go back to any of those houses we passed on the road, it would take us an hour to get home, the snow is so deep."

"The nearest light is right here," said Hal, pointing to one that shone like a small beacon in the darkness. "Who knows but the fox-hunter lives there?"

"Why, that's out over the river—but it does look near; and it stands still, so it isn't a team. We might go and see."

The light was above the house, and it certainly was on the river, though a little further away than it looked. They were puzzled as they drew near it, for, though not much above the level of the ice floor, it seemed to shine from some kind of building.

"It's on an island," exclaimed Nat, stopping to look. "But it's such a low one it can't be more than a sandbar. What a place to stay—a sandbar in the middle of a river!"

"Maybe it's a duck that lives here," whispered Lora, "only if I were a duck I should go away winters. Look, he's got a sign on his door."

The sign read: "Hot Bites for Fifteen Cents, Charles and Nettie Seed, Props."

"Seed! that's the fox-hunter's name; Fred's always telling stories about him in his letters. He's the man for us."

They stepped into the little room where the light was, and discovered that it was a cosy combination of dining-room and store, all on a small scale. A neat little old lady, with wide-open blue eyes, popped out of an inner room to wait on them. Of course she thought they were wayfarers in need of hot bites. She held up both hands when she heard their story.

"Well, now, that's just the kind of job Charles Seed likes. He'll have that fox for you in no time. You go right along 'fore he eats up that pair of tufted Houdans Fred's just got."

A mild-faced old man had come out to hear what was going on, and he hurried away with them at once.

At the door of the hen-house they could plainly hear a commotion inside, but whether the fox was attacking the hens, or only trying to find a way out they could not be sure.

"We've got to be careful now," declared Mr. Seed, or Uncle Charlie as they soon learned to call him. "The trouble is to get the door open far enough to get in without letting the critter out."

They managed it by putting a strong barricade of wire netting around the closed door with Uncle Charlie inside the barricade. When he was securely inclosed he ventured to open the door far enough to slip in, knowing that if the fox tried to get out he would be stopped by the wire. Perhaps the creature was too frightened to try, for Uncle Charlie got in and shut the door after him. The boys outside held a lantern at the window to light up the scene of the fray.

Sounds of a struggle followed at once, and the squawking of frightened hens filled the air. Then Uncle Charlie's voice was heard calling:

"Open the door, boys. It's all right. I've got him into an empty chicken coop."

They opened the door, and there was the would-be chicken thief caged indeed, but with Uncle Charlie sitting on the coop lest his prize should break out. They brought hammer and nails and made the coop strong enough to hold the animal, and then they carried him to the barn and began looking him over by the light of the lantern.

"Poor thing, how scared he looks; and I expect he thought those hens were just as much his as anybody's," said Lora. "What shall you do with him, Nat?"

"Keep him for a pet, maybe. You can tame them so they will follow you just like dogs. Only I suppose he'd eat up all the hens in town. Wonder how much we could sell him for?"

(To be continued.)

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From the Editor to You.

The Award. A good number of answers were received to the question asked in the editorial column of our paper on December 6. Nearly all of them were correct and fulfilled the conditions. One failed to give the middle letter in the name. One failed to state the age of the writer. Four of the answers were mailed so promptly that it became a matter of studying post-marks on the envelopes to learn which of the replies was first mailed. The letter which fulfilled all the conditions was sent by Mary Boynton, 83 Ashland Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y., 11 years old. The book offered, "Two in a Bungalow," was therefore sent to her.

Three other answers came so near to this one in promptness and accuracy that the editor decided to give recognition to the writers. A book was sent to each, as follows: "The Steam Shovel Man" to William E. Almy (14), 3237 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; "The Pipes of Clovis" to Helen C. Secrist (10), 953 South Main Street, Meadville, Pa.; "The Townsend Twins" to Ruth C. Stevens (11), 454 West Eleventh Street, Erie, Pa.

The next two answers, mailed December 7, receive honorable mention. They were sent by Cynthia Griffin (12), 53 Trafalgar Street, Montreal, Canada; and Marjorie Young (10), 27 Florence Avenue, Bellevue, Pa.

The editor thanks all who replied, and is glad to find that so many children are reading every thing that is printed in *The Beacon*.

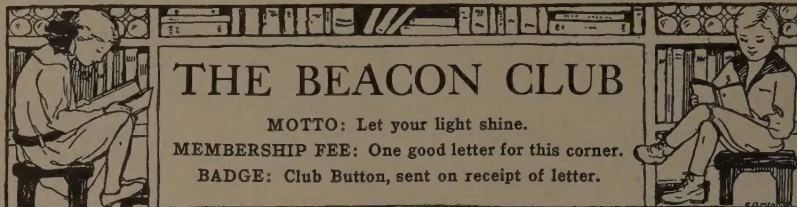
A Correction.

THE poem by Abbie Farwell Brown which appeared in our paper on November 15 was culled from one of our English exchanges. The editor regrets to learn that the verse had been taken from a volume protected in this country by copyright; that a different title had been used in the English magazine, and that several changes had been made in the text. Our readers will find the poem in its correct form in "Fresh Posies," published by Houghton Mifflin Company. This volume, filled with delightful verse for children, will make a valuable addition to any home library.

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,

Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load;
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

Henry Van Dyke.



Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

DO our Club members think how much they may do for *The Beacon* and for our Club by just speaking to some one about it? In the first letter printed to-day that suggestion is made. Myron has found a way to help our Club.

ALAMEDA, CAL.,
1817A San Antonio Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—When Sunday comes I am always happy for I get *The Beacon* when I go to Sunday school. Sunday evening my mother reads it to me and I like the stories in it very much.

I hope this letter will soon be printed in *The Beacon* because then I can show my friends and maybe they will write a letter too.

I hope never to miss a Sunday at Sunday school because then I can always get *The Beacon*.

MYRON THAXTER.

MILLBROOK, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. Rev. Andrew Hahn is our minister. My teacher's name is Mrs. Peterson. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much, also solving the Enigmas. There are ten in my class. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am twelve years old. I have got a gold pin for going to Sunday school a year without missing.

Yours sincerely,
EMILY TURNER.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXVII.

I am the name of a book and have 34 letters.
My 12, 20, 1, 23, 16, 27, is what we all were once.
My 29, 5, 31, 9, is something we like to do.
My 24, 11, 4, 13, 33, 3, 8, is an army officer.
My 19, 30, 21, 2, 6, is a time when we sleep.
My 18, 14, 32, 34, 22, 7, is an honored man of England.

My 17, 25, 33, is what every boy is.
My 10, 25, 1, is one kind of bed.
My 28, 11, 26, 15, is an adjective.

MILDRED H. LANMAN.

ENIGMA XXVIII.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 13, 1, 4, 6, 7, is what a ship carries.
My 14, 1, 8, 3, is a hole in the earth.
My 11, 12, 2, 11, 10, are used in the country.
My 11, 15, 3, is something to eat.
My 5, 14, 9, is something cold.
My whole is a discoverer.

SYLVESTER FORD.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Male children.
2. Used in baking.
3. An island of Japan.
4. Comes in winter.

W. H. W.,
in *Scattered Seeds*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a large city and my finals the State in which it is located.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Tidy. 2. A measure of land. 3. In a short time. 4. A musical wind-instrument. 5. Bad. 6. Part of the eye. 7. A young girl. 8. A narrow road. 9. A big lake of North America.

St. Nicholas.

WATERTOWN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Watertown. Miss Locke is my teacher. Our class has a club called the "Junior Alliance." I read *The Beacon* every Sunday, and I like it very much. I am writing to you, so I can become a member of the Club.

Yours truly,
RUTH BALCH.
(Age 14.)

HOPEDALE, MASS.

Dear Madam,—I am taking *The Beacon* every Sunday from the Unitarian Sunday school. I enjoy reading your paper every Sunday. I have been to the Sunday school a long time. I have two brothers, one of them goes to Sunday school, and the other isn't old enough to. I am eleven years old.

Yours sincerely,
CHRISTELLE HAZARD.

MILLBROOK, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Unitarian church. There are about ten in our class. Our Sunday school has taken *The Beacon* for a little over three years. I like the paper very much. The piece I spoke Harvest Sunday was called "Trees." It came out of *The Beacon*. I am twelve years old. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,
HELEN BRADLEY.

CITIES OF EUROPE.

1. A kind of meat and a town.
2. A prophet and a nuisance.
3. Part of a boat.
4. A pretty girl and a rank.
5. An animal and to cross a stream.
6. A vegetable growth and an animal.
7. To be angry and to do away with.
8. A girl's nickname and the French for good.
9. What Nero did to Rome.
10. The bark of a tree.
11. A boy's name and something used in war.
12. What every one is interested in at the present time and something without a mouth that has many teeth.

FRED SCHAUBEL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 13.

ENIGMA XXIV.—Ring out the false, ring in the true.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Abraham.
WORD SQUARE.—TIDE
IDEA
DEAR
EARS

RIDDLES.—I. Needle. II. Bed.

A BIBLE CHARADE.—Nebo. (Knee-bow.)

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.—1. England. 2. Burmah. 3. Alaska. 4. Ireland. 5. Hayti. 6. Servia. 7. Corea. 8. Japan. 9. Portugal. 10. Liberia.

Would not some of our Beacon Club members like to let their light shine by sending some very bright puzzles for the *Recreation Corner*? These would lighten an otherwise dark hour for some boys or girls or invalids who might be seeking entertainment. Do you know what fun it is to make enigmas? Just try it and see.